LIFE OF

PAUL MORPHY

IN THE VIEUX CARRÉ OF NEW-ORLEANS AND ABROAD

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Mrs. Regina Morphy-Voitier.

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NEW-ORLEANS.

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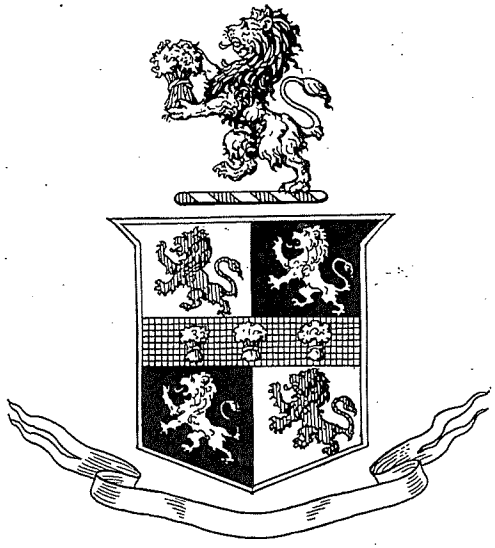


THE MORPHY COAT-OF-ARMS.

Morphy, alias Murphy. Quarterly argent and gules; four lions rampant interchanged; over all on a Fesse Sable three garbs or,
Crest; a lion rampant holding a garb. (No Motto.)

LIFE OF PAUL MORPHY
IN THE VIEUX CARRÉ OF NEW-ORLEANS
AND ABROAD.

Two centuries ago, because of political troubles, a number of aristocratic families left Ireland to settle in various sections of the globe, and among these families, was a branch of the Murphy family, ancestors of the Morphy family of Louisiana. This branch settled in Spain, and shortly after their arrival Michael Morphy obtained a captaincy in the Spanish Royal Guards. The Spaniards found it very difficult to pronounce the name Murphy and soon changed it to suit their own pronunciation, which made it Morphy with the accent on the last syllable as if written "Morphée".

Captain Michael Morphy had a son, Don Diego, born in Madrid. He was the first of the name to come to Louisiana and when the insurrection in San Domingo occurred after the outbreak of the French Revolution of 1793, he resided in Cape Francais where he married Miss Mollie Creagh, a noted beauty. From this union, there were three children, Diego Jr., Mathilda and Eléna.

When the bloodshed began in San Domingo, Don Diego and his little family with a great deal of difficulty succeeded in boarding an English ship then in port and which was bound for Charleston, S. C., in which city Mrs. Morphy died in 1796. Don Diego married in second nuptials in 1798 Miss Louisa Peire, member of an old Huguenot family of Charleston. Five children were the issue of this union, Alonzo Michael (father of Paul Morphy), Ernest, well-known as a Chess player and who died in Quincy, Illinois, in 1874. Emma, who became the wife of David Hincks, at one time Collector of the port of New-Orleans; Lelia who married Dr. Edward Bahier, and Esméralda, who never married.

Don Diego Morphy was appointed Spanish Consul for the States of North and South Carolina and Georgia in January, 1795, his commission having been given him by Joseph de Jaudenes, First Minister from Spain. This commission which was originally in Spanish, was translated for the Good Companion Chess Problem Club of Philadelphia, and reads as follows:

"I, Don Joseph de Jaudenes, Commissionary of the Royal Forces of His Catholic Majesty and His Chargé d'Affaires in the United States of America, etc., etc.

"Inasmuch as the King our Sovereign (whom God preserve) has designed to authorize me to appoint the Consuls whom I shall consider necessary to protect the Commerce of Spain with the United States."

"Therefore, and having confidence, in the love and zeal of Your Honour, Don Diego Morphy, towards his Majesty, and ability to execute these matters with full integrity and precision, do purpose to appoint and by these presents do appoint you, in the name of the King, our Sovereign, Consul of Spain for the States of North and South Carolina and Georgia with headquarters in the City of Charleston; and by these presents I further pray and command all good Spaniards who reside or may reside hereafter, or pass through or hereafter may pass through the said States, or who may disembark at any port therein, to pay Your Honour all the submission and respect which the Laws of Spain and the pleasure of His Majesty may decree, to the end, that they may deserve the protection which the King affords to His Royal vassals through you, acting as his Consul where to Your Honour will give the most immediate attention; and at the same time I beseech in the name of the King, my Sovereign, that all the Magistrates and other officials of the United States, and especially of the States of North and South Carolina and Georgia, shall forthwith upon the recognition of Your Honour as Consul of Spain for the aforesaid States by the President of the United States, extend to you all the protection, hospitality and attention which are in effect between all civilized nations.

"Granted at Philadelphia and signed by my hand and sealed under my patent, and recorded by the Secretary of His Majesty, this thirty-first day of January, 1795."

(Signed) Joseph de Jaudenes.

"His Honour appoints Don Diego Morphy to be Consul of Spain for the States of North and South Carolina and Georgia."

(Signed) Joseph Ruiz de Santayana.

Don Diego Morphy, Jr., son of the above mentioned, was appointed Spanish Vice-Consul at New-Orleans in October, 1813. His commission being signed by Don Luis de Onis. In 1818 he was again appointed Spanish Vice-Consul at Natchez, Mississippi. Acceptance of commission follows:

James Monroe,
President of the United States
of America.

To whom it may concern:—

"Don Diego Morphy having produced to me his commission as Vice-Consul of His Catholic Majesty for the Port of Natchez and its dependencies, I do hereby recognise him as such, and declare him free to exercise and enjoy such functions, powers and privileges as are allowed to Vice-Consuls of the most favoured nations in the United States."

"In testimony thereof I have caused these letters to be made patent, and the seal of the United States to be herewith affixed.

"Given under my hand at the City of Washington, the tenth day of July, A. D., 1818, and of the Independence of the United States of America, the Forty-Third."

(Signed) James Monroe,
By the President.

(Signed) John Quincy Adams,
Secretary of State.

Diego Morphy, Jr., was a man of great intellectual attainments, a scholar and an author. He wrote several books and compiled a Spanish and French dictionary. He married Miss Eulalie Dubord, daughter of Don Lorenzo Troisville Dubord and Eulalie Beaumont de Livaudaus. He was the father of Diego E. Morphy of New Orleans who died in 1895, at the age of seventy-eight, and who was, at his death, the oldest auctioneer in New-Orleans. Mr. Morphy was a man of great force of character, and was always thoughtful of and courteous to those who were his inferiors. In 1841 he married Miss Louise Emily Grivot, who died in 1884, leaving two children, Mrs. C. W. Friedlander and General A. E. Morphy.

Alonzo Michael Morphy, son of Don Diego Morphy, Sr. and Louisa Peire, was born in Charleston, S. C., on November 23rd, 1798, came to New-Orleans when a boy, attended the College of Orleans from which he was graduated with high honours. He then studied law and was admitted to practice in 1819 by the Supreme Court of Louisiana, Judges Mathews, Martin and Derbigny. He was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana by Governor Roman in August, 1839, and was re-appointed to that position in February, 1840. Was also attorney general for the State of Louisiana (1829), a director of the Citizens Bank (1834), director of the Bank of Louisiana (1845), administrator of the Charity Hospital (1834), member of the Board of Bank Managers, and president of the Consolidated Association of the Planters of Louisiana (1847). In 1820, when a little past his majority, he married Miss Louise Telcide Le Carpentier, a member of an old New-Orleans famliy of French extraction. The young couple resided at 1113, Chartres Street, opposite the then Archbishopric. The same house which was later occupied by General P. G. T. Beauregard. Very few Orleanians are aware that Paul Morphy first saw the light of day in the old Chartres Street house, many being under the impression that he was born on Royal Street, old number 89, which was purchased by his father in 1841, and while this house was being renovated the Morphy family resided for a few months in one of the Pontalba buildings, St. Peter Street side,

while Mrs. Edouard Fortin, who was Mrs. Morphy's sister, occupied with her family, one of the Pontalba buildings on the St. Ann Street side. One of Mrs. Fortin's daughters was the wife of William Buck, the well known artist. Incidentally it may be mentioned that from 1823 to 1827 the Baron de Pontalba was represented in New-Orleans by Mr. Ferdinand Percy, maternal great grandfather of the writer, who still has in her possession documents concerning these historic buildings.

PAUL CHARLES MORPHY.

The subject of this biographical sketch was born in the city of New-Orleans, on June 22d, 1837. He was the second son of Alonzo Michael Morphy and Louise Telcide Le Carpentier. His paternal grandfather, Don Diego Morphy, Consul of Spain at Charleston, had come to reside in New-Orleans. His maternal grandfather, Joseph B. Le Carpentier, and his grandmother, Modeste Blache, were both members of prominent families of Louisiana. His great grandfather was Monsieur Duvivier de la Mahattiere, a distinguished planter and an official of high rank.

When Paul Morphy was barely four years of age, he began to be interested in books and pencils, and very soon learned to read and write. He was an exceedingly quiet child and gave no trouble whatever to his mother nor to his nurses. At an early age he entered Jefferson Academy at New-Orleans and was looked upon as a very studious pupil. He did not care for sports, and very seldom came down for recess, preferring to remain in the class room reading or writing. However, when he did descend to the courts of play, he would merely look on, but never participated in the various games in which the other boys took part. He was more advanced in learning than boys of his age, and his classmates regarded him as a genius. In appearance he was cold and distant, due to a certain degree to nearsightedness, but his coldness was only apparent, for he was exceedingly courteous and pleasant to all with whom he came in contact. Among his friends, the most intimate was Charles A. de Maurian, and that friendship which began at Jefferson Academy, lasted until Morphy's death. Of their meeting, Mr. de Maurian writes as follows:

"Exactly when and where I first came across Paul Morphy would be difficult to say. Certain it is that when I entered Jefferson Academy in 1847, I found him there. But I have a vague notion that I had seen him before that time, which is more than probable as our respective families knew each other well, and our fathers had been intimate friends before we were born. But at Jefferson Academy where I remained until November, 1849, frequent intercourse made us better acquainted with each other. He was the best bred boy of the whole school. Paul came from most excellent

stock, and he was brought up amid intelligent, well educated, well-to-do people, whose refined manners and influence were most potent in making him the modest, disinterested and refined gentleman that he was."

In these early days, Morphy had characteristics which sharply differentiated him from the other boys. Chess was never taught him, but came to him quite naturally, and he enjoyed the game as it did not require any bodily exercise beside there was an influence toward the intellectual recreation as there were several good chess players in his family. He was about ten when he won games from the older and more proficient players. His grandfather, Mr. Le Carpentier, his father, Judge Morphy and his uncle, Ernest Morphy, were considered very strong players. In those days, a beautiful custom prevailed among the prominent families of French and Spanish descent in New-Orleans, according to which all the various branches of each family including the children, met at dinner at the home of the oldest members. In the Morphy family, these reunions took place alternately at the home of Judge Morphy and his father-in-law, Mr. Le Carpentier. The latter was an auctioneer and his auction rooms were located at the southwest corner of Chartres and St. Louis Streets, opposite the residence of Girod, the first mayor of New-Orleans and the founder of the Girod Asylum.

In the year 1850 when Herr Löwenthal arrived in New-Orleans, the local Chess players planned to give him a royal welcome. He contested a few off hand games in which he was successful against the city's strongest players, and when Mr. Ernest Morphy spoke to him of little Paul and offered to have him meet the boy and play a game with him, Löwenthal smiled, and although very much interested, was amused at the idea of asking him to play with so young a player. However, he went, played several games with little Paul who came out victorious, and Löwenthal clasping the boy in his arms predicted that Paul Morphy would be the greatest chess player the world had ever known.

We again quote Mr. de Maurian. The following lines were written by him, and after his death a few years ago, were found among his papers and sent to the writer by his wife, Madame de Maurian, from her home in Paris.

"Both Mr. Le Carpentier, Paul's grandfather, and his father, Judge Morphy, dispensed a noble hospitality. I have enjoyed it in after years with the same gentlemen, and I joined in their peaceful battles of the Chequered field, and I have no hesitation in saying that the days thus spent will be fondly remembered by me among the pleasantest of my life.

"Paul's progress was very rapid. After easily vanquishing the inferior amateurs who frequented his father's house, he began to cope successfully with the best. His brother, Edward and his uncle, Ernest. I have heard Mr. Morphy say that at that time

Edward was a player of great promise, being scarcely inferior to Ernest himself. He made a stout resistance in many of the games played with his younger brother, Paul, but after desperate efforts to keep up in the race for superiority he was clearly distanced and stung to the quick, he swore he would forsake Chess. He kept his word, and I believe never played until many years afterwards when Paul's victory had been celebrated all over the world, when he volunteered to take the odds of a piece and get beaten; not, however, without giving evidence of qualities which undoubtedly would have enabled him to occupy a distinguished place among the best and strongest players of the day.

"Ernest Morphy succumbed in his turn, and Mr. Rousseau, the celebrated adversary of Stanley in 1843, and the hero of many hard-fought battles with some of the best players in France, was chosen as an opponent to this Chess prodigy. It is of record that they contested about fifty games of which Mr. Rousseau lost fully one-tenth."

It was about this time that Paul Morphy, accompanied by his uncle, Ernest, visited the Exchange Reading Room. A Chess room was attached to the establishment, and there Paul met Mr. James McConnell, lawyer and Chess player of New-Orleans. They played about twenty games of which Morphy won all but one. Young as he was, Paul Morphy had already defeated such famous players as Löwenthal, the distinguished Hungarian player, Rousseau, Ernest Morphy, James McConnell, Judge Meek, Dr. Ayers, and last but not least, his school mate and friend, Charles de Maurian. No one knew and understood Morphy better than Mr. De Maurian. The two families were intimate, in fact Judge Morphy's maternal uncle had married a lady closely related to Mr. de Maurian, a Miss Peychaud. Judge Morphy's first cousin was the wife of Judah P. Benjamin, who achieved great reputation as a lawyer, also a member of the United States Senate, was Secretary of War in the Confederate States government, was United States Minister to the Court of St. James; he died in England. Mrs. Benjamin passed away at an advanced age, and left one daughter who became the wife of a French officer.

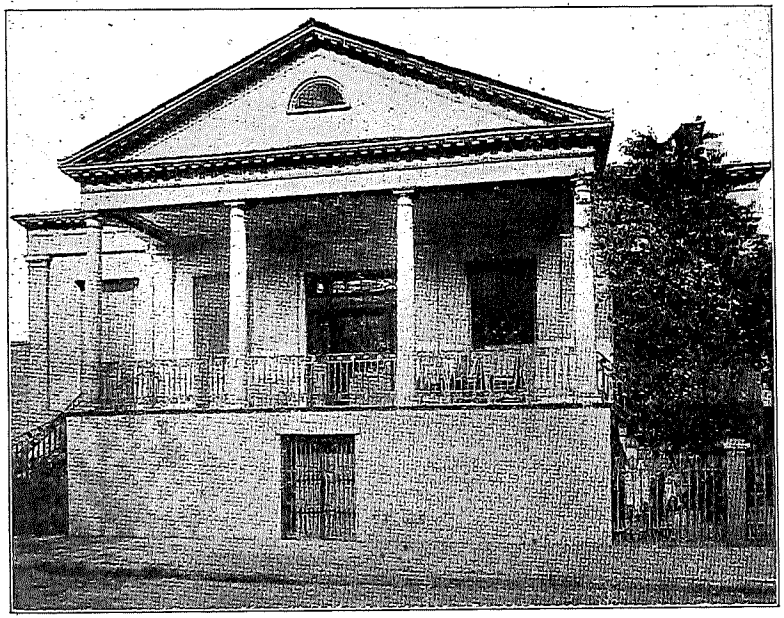
PAUL MORPHY LEAVES FOR SPRING HILL COLLEGE.

In December, 1850, Paul and his brother, Edward, entered Spring Hill College, near Mobile, Alabama. Here again Morphy and de Maurian were close companions. The later preceded Paul and Edward at college, and has the following to say of their second meeting:

"Paul and I happened to be placed adjoining each other in the study rooms, in the class rooms and everywhere, and our previous acquaintance soon ripened into great intimacy. For a year or two I may say that I hardly lost sight of him, except for about six weeks at vacation time, and during that whole time I never saw Paul play a single game of Chess. He never talked Chess to anyone nor probably gave it a thought. He had neither a Chess board nor even a Chess book. At Spring Hill he continued to be the close student he had been at Jefferson Academy in New-Orleans, and his intellectual superiority over his companion soon became manifest to all there as it had been in earlier days. I have heard one of his professors, a man of mature years and great experience, say, that of the thousands and thousands of boys and youths that came under his observation in long years devoted to teaching the young, he had never met anyone that could compare with Paul Morphy in strength and capacity of intellect. Unfortunately this could not be said of the physical man. While his mental faculties were being constantly enlarged and strengthened by constant study, his physical frame did not receive a corresponding development by that active exercise of the body so necessary at his prime of life, and there was not that equilibrium between the two so essential to the perfection of both. He never could vanquish his repugnance for the sports that are so attractive. He saw, however, the necessity of doing something, and for some months or perhaps a year, he took lessons in the art of fencing. He practised a bit regularly, and it undoubtedly proved very beneficial to him. But it is to be regretted that he did not take this course earlier, and especially that it did not continue longer. It is my firm belief that later misfortune would have been thereby avoided."

"About the year 1852 the first Chess board and men that I had seen at Spring Hill made their appearance under the joint property of Rafael Carraquesde of the City of Mexico and Louis Landry of Louisiana. These young gentlemen played frequently, and initiated some of their companions into the mysteries of the game. Paul seldom took any part in their play except as referee, in case where a point of Chess law was to be decided. On very rare occasions, he played a few games with them at the odds of Queen's Rook and Kt., and I believe was uniformly successful. Sometime during the spring of 1853 I happened to be in the College Infirmary for some trifling indisposition, and Paul was also there for some similar complaint. Through strange chance, the Chess board of Rafael and Landry happened to be there also. Noticing the Chess board, the idea came into my head to ask Morphy the very stupid question which since then has often been put to me (retaliation) 'How is it possible that two intelligent beings should sit for an hour or more moving little figures of white and black wood, and find recreation therein?'

" 'If you knew the game,' he answered, 'you would change your opinion.'



BIRTHPLACE OF PAUL MORPHY,
New No. 1113, CHARTRES STREET.

" 'Well,' I replied, 'suppose you teach me the moves just to kill time, for I feel I shall never have the patience to play a game through.'

"Paul taught me the moves. We then played several games for study, he explaining the reasons for the moves. After that sitting I had changed my mind and opinion, in fact, I had suddenly jumped from one extreme to the other, and I could scarcely conceive how a man that did not play Chess could be happy. We remained two days in the Infirmary, and my first care in coming out, was to procure a Chess board of my own, and I had all the book stores of Mobile and New-Orleans ransacked for Chess books, and gave a great deal more time to its study than I should. During the two years that we remained at college together, Morphy played a considerable number of games with me at odds gradually diminishing as I improved. We seldom played more than a game at a sitting, but few of them lasted less than two or three hours. He did not play with any other adversary, except on a visit to Mobile with the professor of Spanish, Mr. Sanchez, who made a pretty good fight at odds of a Rook. Mr. Morphy had the following Chess books with him, the only ones, as far as I know that he ever possessed until the New York Chess Congress in 1857. Herwitz and Kling's *Chess Studies,* which he pronounced a very good and useful book for students, although not free from errors; the B Vols. composing the collection of Kieseritzky's *La Régence,* and Staunton's *Chess Tournament.* I had a translation of Lewis' *Treatise* in French, Staunton's *Chess Players' Handbook and Companion.* Paul never used my books except for a few minutes at a time. But I believe that a great many of the games actually played that they contained, were played by us, especially those by acknowledged first class players, such as Staunton, Anderssen and Kieseritzky. During the same year, he also played considerable number of games with me at odds gradually diminishing as I improved."

In the month of October, 1855, Paul Morphy took the degree of A. M. with the highest honours. Returning home he prepared himself steadily for the profession which he had chosen, that of the law, and in due course received his diploma of Batchelor of Laws with the condition that he would not practise at the bar until he became of age a year or two later. He had such a wonderful memory that he could recite by heart nearly all the Louisiana Civil Code.

Like his brother Paul, Edward Morphy also graduated with high honours, and immediately upon his graduation, entered commercial life. The cotton business appealed to him, and he was very successful as a cotton broker. He was for many years a member and a director of the New-Orleans Cotton Exchange.

Paul studied law under Christian Roselius, Randall Hunt, Judge Theodore McCaleb and Alfred Hennen. On November 22d, 1856, same year in which he graduated at law, Morphy sustained a terrible shock in the death of his father. Judge Morphy was a very active man with a robust constitution, and his death was partially caused by a peculiar accident. On a warm day in September, while conversing with a couple of friends near the court house, he as well as the other lawyers wore large panama hats, someone spoke to Judge Morphy who abruptly turned around to reply, and the brim of one of the hats entered his eye. He felt a stinging pain, but paid little attention to the incident, the next day his eye was so inflamed that his physician was called in, and he was compelled to remain in a dark room for several days. He obeyed orders, but the lack of sunshine and exercise to which he was accustomed impaired his health, and in November he died of apoplexy or congestion of the brain. His funeral which was held the next day was said to be one of the largest ever held in New-Orleans. He was buried in the family tomb in the old St. Louis cemetery, corner St. Louis and Basin Streets.

In 1857 Paul Morphy left his home in New-Orleans bound for New-York to participate in the Chess Congress to which he had been invited. He was scarcely twenty when he bade adieu to his family and friends. He enjoyed every minute of his trip and when he reached New-York, was in a happy mood. He was given a hearty welcome, and lost no time in getting acquainted with the prominent Chess players of the Empire City. Out of one hundred games played at the Chess Congress, Paul Morphy won ninety-seven. He defeated Paulsen, Lichtenstein, Marache, Perrin and others equally as strong at the game. He easily won the first prize in this contest, which prize consisted of a handsome silver service, salver, pitcher and four goblets thus inscribed:

"This service of plate is presented to Paul Morphy, the victor in the Grand Tournament at the First National Chess Association, New-York, 1857."

After this victory, Paul Morphy issued a challenge to play with any New-York player, which challenge was accepted by C. H. Stanley, one of the best players of that time, the match was for seven games, but Stanley resigned after five had been played.

Of Morphy's triumphs in New-York, Mr. John A. Galbreath of New-Orleans, (now deceased) says in the *American Chess Bulletin*:

"When Paul Morphy went to the tournament in New-York in the year 1857, he had his first experience with mean and petty Chess jealousy. He found out for the first time that there were persons who did not have the same lofty ideas about the game that he had, and it was a great shock to the young gentleman. Next year in London and Paris he 'got up against the real thing,'

and the effect on his sensitive organisation may be imagined. He went to Europe for glory. Morphy was not concerned at all about stakes, hence this match with Harrwitz was for a nominal stake, and he actually subscribed to help defray Professor Anderssen's travelling expenses in order that the match with the Professor could be played in Paris. Meanwhile the world was talking so much of Morphy, the Chess player that the title irritated his sensitiveness. Remember this young man had but recently earned his diploma as a lawyer, his father was a leading jurist of Louisiana, and Chess to him was simply a pastime. His only ambition was to meet and defeat the best players of this country and Europe."

While in New-York, Paul Morphy wrote the following letter (the original now being in possession of the writer) to his friend Charles de Maurian.

St. Denis Hotel, New-York, Nov. 16, 1857.

My dear Charles,

Your two very kind letters reached their destination, and I am happy to state in reply that with the exception of Walker's *One Thousand Games*, I shall procure you all the Chess books you wish to have. You must be apprised of the final result of the match between Paulsen and myself. The score at the termination of the contest stood as follows: Morphy 5, Paulsen 1, drawn 2.

I would have a great deal to write about but prefer postponing all I might tell you until my return to New-Orleans. Some statements will surprise you. I shall probably leave here next week, unless detained (and it is very likely that I will be detained) by some match with one of the first class New-York players at the odds of pawn and move. For reasons which would be too long to enumerate in a letter, but which I will explain to your satisfaction when I return home, I see fit to challenge any New-York player to a match at pawn and move. If the challenge is accepted, as I have no doubt it will be, I hope that the New-Orleans players will be prepared to back me. I shall also (and for equally good reasons) challenge all the members of the New-York Club to play a consultation match with me. Do not however, hastily infer that there exists the smallest degree of ill feeling between myself and the most of New-York players. The truth is, that my challenge is solely to . . . . who possesses no small amount of Chess vanity. After losing eighth out of eight on even terms, he is unwilling (with what justice and show of reason I appeal to every Chess player to say) to take the odds of pawn and move which I give to Marache, fully his equal as you know. The result of his self conceit, is that we never play together. With Marache at the above mentioned odds, I have played five games, winning three and drawing two. Out of the six games contested with Perrin at pawn and two, I

have won four and lost two. Mr. ——— seems to fancy that it is beneath his dignity to accept odds of a player who has won every game contested with him, but enough of him. My impression is that I can give him the odds and make even games. We shall see.

Yours truly,
(Signed) PAUL MORPHY.

P. S.—Do not forget to see Rousseau, my uncle, Charles Le Carpentier and every New-Orleans player willing to stake anything on the result in reference to this match.

P. M.

Paul Morphy remained in New-York a little longer, and although royally entertained and having formed many pleasant friendships, yet he felt homesick and was anxious to get back home.

The *Adelaide Observer* says: "Paul Morphy was undoubtedly the greatest strategist that ever handled a Chess piece. Paul Morphy, true hearted gentleman in the highest sense of the word, I hail thee! I call thee the greatest king that ever swayed the sceptre of Chess or rather I should say 'Perpetual President of our worldwide Republic!'"

Professor Richard A. Proctor in the *Louisville Courier Journal* on the Human Mind says: "Morphy at the age of thirteen played a strong Chess game without sight of the board. Rising step by step to two games, to three, to four and so on, we find him while still in his teens playing twelve games simultaneously blindfolded and against players to whom the champions of the day could not give more than a pawn and move with safety in a set match. More surprising even than the number of games which Morphy could thus play blindfolded at one sitting, was the nature of his play under these seemingly difficult conditions. The brilliancy of the combinations was in most cases matched by their soundness and often by their depth—in the sense of the number of moves over which, with lightning rapidity, he carried his analysis. A veteran player told me of one of these games which he had carefully examined after it was finished because he believed that a certain brilliant stroke could be more successfully met than it had been in actual plays. 'Along every line,' he said, 'but one, I found Morphy's strategy sound, but along that line there seemed to me a safe, though difficult defence, resulting in eventual victory over him. I passed an hour or two every evening for a week, analysing the game along this line, and having satisfied myself it was sound, I mentioned the point to Morphy when next I met him. I was for setting up the board to show him what I meant, but he would not suffer me. "I remember the game perfectly," he said. "Your defence is not sound, though it is the best available; you have overlooked a mate in three, following

the sacrifice of my King's Bishop after the fifth move of your defence." My veteran friend looked over the position the same evening and found the case was as Morphy had stated.'

"Imagine the abnormal brain development in some special though unknown way, which enabled a boy Chess player, ten days after playing a game which was one of the twelve played blindfold, to correct in an instant and without setting up the position, the result of ten or twelve hours of analysis of the game by a strong and veteran player!"

Dr. C. C. Moore wrote to friends in New-Orleans: "I hope that our Morphy will continue to grow in strength as years are added to his age, and when he shall have ripened, he and the American people can look upon his career as the greatest that ever was. This American people arrived to a point when Daniel Webster came to be known throughout the world, equal with all and any nation of the globe, in the van of eminent and profound statesmen, and now we are fully equal with Morphy in our standing relative to our noblest of noble and intellectual pastimes."

Upon Paul Morphy's return, he was elected president of the New-Orleans Chess Club. He was connected with the *American Chess Monthly* during 1858-59-69, and contributed in a large measure to the success of this magazine. He was also a contributor to the columns of the New-York *Chess Ledger* in 1860.

Immediately upon his return to New-Orleans, the local players were so proud of him and so enthusiastic over his victories in the Empire City, that they lost no time in sending a challenge to Howard Staunton, the English champion, inviting him to come to America to meet Morphy. Staunton made light of the invitation and ridiculed the idea of himself, the recognised Chess champion, coming to America to meet such a young and inexperienced player. He wrote a polite refusal saying that if ever Paul Morphy came to England, that he would be pleased to meet him for a game or two.

What happened then? Morphy saw clearly that the next move was to be his if he wanted to win the game, and this move meant a trip to England. Without hesitation he made the move which was to crown him King of all Chess players. He accepted Staunton's invitation, and made his preparations to leave for England, with the sole desire to meet and play with the English champion. Morphy never loved Chess to distraction, but he was impelled to establish his Chess sovereignty.

PAUL MORPHY'S ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

Paul Morphy arrived in England after a rather monotonous voyage, which he did not much enjoy due to his eagerness to reach his destination. He was the only Chess player who responded to duty's call and journeyed to Europe for a match. Mr. John A. Galbreath, one of the well known Chess players of New-Orleans

(now deceased) said that "among the names of immortal Americans, the name of Paul Morphy is indelibly inscribed with those of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and the others in various walks who have shed lustre on their native land."

On Friday, August 27, 1858, Morphy gave his first exhibition in blindfold Chess. Eight games were played, of which he won six, lost one and drew one. And Staunton, the very same Staunton, the English champion who had made light of the invitation extended him to come to America to meet Morphy, Staunton was present, and could only remark "Marvellous, Marvellous."

Morphy then challenged Staunton for the championship of the world, and although Lord Lyttleton and others offered to back Morphy for any amount, and some of Staunton's friends did likewise, the English player declined, giving as an excuse that his literary work would not allow him to think of serious play.

Chess was an ideal to Morphy and he treated it in an artistic manner. While in England, Morphy was a guest of both the London Chess Club and the St. George Chess Club. One of the first to greet him upon his arrival in England, was Herr Löwenthal whom Morphy had defeated in New-Orleans. During Morphy's stay in England the following letter was written to Mr. de Maurian by Mr. Fred R. Edge, who acted as Morphy's secretary.

30, Vincent Square, Westminster, London, July 24, 1858.

Chas. A. Maurian, Esq.

Sir, At the request of Mr. Paul Morphy, I undertake the pleasant task of informing you relative to the events which have transpired in relation to him since his arrival in England. Mr. Morphy, as you will easily understand, being so much at the mercy of this or that Knight errant desirous of breaking a lance with him, as to be precluded any chance of corresponding with his friends. And I think, too, that "the eternal fitness of things" would demand that Achilles should not be his own Homer, more especially as the office of chronicler is mine by lawful precedent; your humble servant having acted as one of the secretaries at the New-York Chess Congress and indited those reports of proceedings in the *New-York Tribune* which the New-Orleans *Daily Picayune* pronounced to be the only correct account of that memorable festival. Therefore,

"Although I am an Englishman by birth, blood, education and feeling, I am enthusiastically desirous that Paul Morphy may, as I believe he will, tear the chaplets from the brow of every player in Europe. Shakespeare belongs to the drama more than to England, science claims Newton before Britain, manhood is graced by Washington more than America, and what devotee of Caissa will complain if the mantle of Labourdonnais has fallen upon a son of Columbia! If I be at all wanting in patriotism, then there are many here who share my crime.

"The postponement of the Birmingham meeting from June to August has given your compatriot the advantage of measuring swords with a number of our leading amateurs. On his arrival in London, Morphy immediately sought out the St. George's members showing extreme desire to test his skill. The fatigues of an Atlantic voyage had, however, told somewhat upon him, and although he vanquished every successive opponent, it was not, at first, in that startling proportion which he has since realised. Up to the present moment, he has played nineteen games with Mr. Barnes of which the latter scored six to Morphy's thirteen, but the final eight were gained, one after the other by the last named gentleman, proving conclusively a certain superiority. Mr. Boden who ranks among the ten principal European players, has tested his powers nine times, winning one, drawing three and losing five. The Rev. John Owen, whose *nom de guerre* is "Alter," won the first game through Morphy's carelessness, but lost the following four; his opponent assuring me that he could easily give him pawn and move. Other antagonists, of almost equal ability have 'bit the dust', and I beg to refer you to the Postscriptum for a correct list of the casualties.

"Boden enjoyed the reputation of being the leading player at the Grand Chess Divan in the Strand, perhaps the greatest Chess Forum in the world, where still linger the memories of Kieseritzky, Anderssen, Heyderbrandt and others. Boden, then in all the pride of ambition, replied with Mephistophelian sneer that 'Morphy would soon find his match.' The first two games between them came off at the Divan, relinquished afterwards for a private room, the former gentleman not wishing to peril his reputation further, as the result was Morphy 1, drawn 1, Boden 0, and as he expressed himself as highly disgusted at the score becoming public, as he purposely played private to obviate publicity. A prominent member of the St. George's Club stated a few days ago that he could not have believed that any man could beat Boden in such proportion; to which observation he saw that 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating' may very properly be quoted.

"Morphy crossed the ocean, and threw down his gauntlet in the very sanctum of his adversary—the den of the dragon—the St. George's Club. No way now for Staunton to refuse. Accept he must, but play, will he? And men are now betting odds of 5 to 4 at the St. George's, the London and the Divan, that Staunton will find some pretext for not playing. He does not like the present appearance of things, for during the past fortnight although Morphy has been playing right and left, with men of all shades of strength, he has not lost a game, more especially in view of the match now progressing between Morphy and Löwenthal. Löwenthal was the proposer of this match, which was offered by him in the most friendly spirit, with an eye, also to wiping out his former defeat

PAUL MORPHY—IN HIS YOUNGER DAYS.

by a boy of 13 years old, which, you of course, remember. The game was well played on both sides. The first game was a draw, and the other two being easily won by Morphy. The fourth was one of our hero's happiest efforts; from the first to last Löwenthal never had a chance, and he resigned after two hours and a quarter play at the thirty-first move. Löwenthal has acted throughout, Morphy states, in the most friendly manner.

"Morphy's scores with leading players here, in off hand games, stand as follows: (Staunton will not publish them in the I. L. N. they being too much in Morphy's favour.)

Morphy.....13	Barnes.....6	Drawn.....0
Morphy..... 5	Boden 1	Drawn.....3
Morphy..... 4	Owen.....1	Drawn.....0
Morphy..... 6	Löwenthal.....0	Drawn.....0
Morphy..... 2	Hampton.....0	Drawn.....0

"I promise you, Sir, that during Morphy's stay in Europe you shall be kept perfectly *au courant* of his battles, etc.

"I beg to remain, Sir,
"Yours very respectfully,
"FRED B. EDGE."

After a most delightful stay in England where he was royally entertained, where he made numberless friends and gained scores of admirers, Paul Morphy left for Paris, there to meet Herr Harrwitz who claimed Germany's championship. Morphy arrived in Paris on September 3rd, and went at once to the Café de la Régence, the *rendez-vous* of Chess players, artists, philosophers, who visited the place for reaction and pleasure. Morphy's experience in the French capital, were but a repetition of his preceding triumphs. Willard Fiske says in his "Chess Tales", "Can we not imagine the shades of Legal and Philidor, of Bernard and Carlier, of Deschapelles and LaBourdonnais looking down with delight upon this youthful inheritor of their laurels? Does not the spirit of Franklin rejoice as he watches this representative of America—less of a sage, perhaps, but infinitely more of a Chess player than himself—revenging the defeats which the tamer of the lightning was compelled to undergo in this very same Café de la Régence, nearly a century ago."

Beyond the Chess circles too, honours were showered upon the head of the eminent champion. Famous sculptors, like LeQuesne asked him to sit for his bust in marble; he received calls from princesses and was invited to dine with dukes; he was flattered by poets and men of genius. The American residents from the minister down were of course proud to do honour to one who was so worthily representing his country in the Old World; while every French door was open to him with a generous and hearty hospitality.

In September, 1858, the match with Harrwitz took place at the Café de la Régence, but owing to Harrwitz's indisposition, the match was never completed and the score stood thus:

Morphy.....5	Harrwitz.....2	Drawn.....1

On September the 27th Morphy began his fight singlehanded against eight adversaries at the same time. Messrs. Baucher, Beerwirth, Bornemann, Guibert, LeQuesne, Potier, Préti and Séguin. The sitting lasted ten hours, Paul Morphy never making a single mistake and remaining all that time perfectly quiet, and without food or a glass of water. One by one his adversaries gave up. Mr. Séguin being the last to surrender, just as the clock struck ten. Then followed such tremendous applause, so loud and continuous, that Paul Morphy was literally stunned by it. He was at once surrounded by admirers and highly complimented. Among the spectators and the first ones to offer their congratulations were the Duke of Brunswick, and Mery a contemporaneous French poet.

On the evening of the fourteenth of December, the match took place between Morphy and Adolph Anderssen. The latter having won the victor's wreath in the great International Tournament at London in 1851. The result of the encounter was Morphy 7, Anderssen 2, drawn 2. Anderssen having defeated Staunton in 1851, and Morphy now defeating Anderssen, Morphy was hailed champion of the world.

While visiting Paris in 1858, Mr. Placide Canonge of New Orleans met Mr. Préti, the well known theorist and author of the *Traite du Jeu D'Echecs* which is an accepted authority on Chess, and during the course of conversation Mr. Canonge asked Mr. Préti how he would class Paul Morphy, to which Mr. Préti immediately replied, "Paul Morphy cannot be classed. He has revolutionised science, Paul Morphy is not only a dazzling player, he is a phenomenon."

During Morphy's visit in Paris, his bust was made by the celebrated sculptor LeQuesne. At this period the following letter was penned to Mr. Chas. de Maurian, by Fred Edge:

Paris, Nov. 12, 1858.

"We are now waiting the consent of Mr. Morphy's family for him to remain, in which case he will soon be crowned 'Lord of all Chess players.' I must not forget to mention that the American Minister, Mr. Mason, has showered compliments upon him, and requested permission to introduce him to the Emperor who has the reputation of being a very good player.

"I do not think that any of your countrymen have ever shed more lustre on America, than this little unassuming Paul Morphy, so much, if not more, by his character than his abilities."

Mr. Edge again writes in December, 1858, from Hotel du Dauphin, Paris:

"A fortnight ago, Harrwitz took upon himself to play eight blindfold games against eight! Mazettes! and has since put himself on a par with Morphy. The amateurs of La Régence are disgusted with him, and have got off squibs about him, such as the following:

"Tu veux singer Morphy, joueur phenoménal"
"Jeune présomptueux tu forces ta nature"
"En vain tu veux poser comme un original"
"Tu n'est qu'une caricature,"
"Dans ce célébre tournoi"
"Ou cinq fois. coup sur coup, tu vis tomber ton Roi"
"Souviens toi surtout qu'en ce fameux combat"
"Ta réputation reçut échec et mat."

Harrwitz had had himself written up in "La Presse" as the French champion, whereupon the following lines appeared:

"Le Prussien vanté dans la Presse"
"Nous n'en voulons pas pour Champion"
"Mettez donc son portrait sous presse"
"Et l'on verra le champignon."

PAUL MORPHY RETURNS TO AMERICA.

In 1859, Paul Morphy returned to America where he was enthusiastically welcomed, and tendered a magnificent banquet in Boston at the Revere Hotel at which presided Oliver Wendell Holmes. Toasts were offered by Chief Justice Shaw of the Massachussets Supreme Court, Rev. President Walker of Harvard College, Judge Sparks, LL.D., His Honour Mayor Lincoln and others equally prominent in the professional and social world. Judge Russell Lowell read an original poem. Professor Holmes proposed Paul Morphy's health to which the latter responded in a few modest words. When he ceased speaking he was given a tremendous ovation.

A few days after the banquet the Union Chess Club presented him with a magnificent silver wreath, and on May 25, 1859, in the presence of an immense assembly in the Chapel of the University of New-York, he was presented with a handsome set of chessmen, the board being of rosewood inlaid with silver, each corner having a wreath of gold encircling the letters P. M. The pieces are of solid gold and silver, and the pedestals of each of polished cornalian. Midway of the border is an inlaid oval plate of silver bearing this inscription:

To Paul Morphy,
A recognition of his genius, and a testimony of regard from his friends and admirers in New-York and Brooklyn.
1859.

Another silver plate contains the names of the fourteen champions of all ages. The set was made by Tiffany and Company of New-York at a cost of $2,500. The presentation was made by John Van Buren, son of the president, who made a lengthy speech which ended as follows:

"Your readiness to engage at all times, and with all comers in Chess contests, your refusal to make the condition of your health an excuse or a reason for declining; your utter rejection of all advantages that might be your due in a contest, and the intrepid spirit you manifested in Paris, induces Monsieur St. Amant, one of the ablest and frankest of your adversaries, to name you, "the chivalrous Bayard of Chess." But it is not for your qualities or conduct only as a Chess player that I have united in this proceeding. Your intercourse with your friends here, the accounts we have from New-Orleans, the uniform representation from abroad, all concur in showing that in high bred courtesy, true generosity and courage, innate modesty and strict integrity, you have illustrated at home and abroad, the character of an American gentleman; and it is thereof, with unaffected pride, that I have become the medium of conveying to you the sentiments I have expressed, and that I again offer for your acceptance this appropriate token of the regard of your countrymen and of their recognition of your genius.

"Ladies and Gentleman, I ask you to unite with me in welcoming with all the honours, PAUL MORPHY, THE CHESS CHAMPION OF THE WORLD."

At the close of his remarks, enthusiasm knew no bounds.

Mr. Morphy in accepting the testimonial, said:

"Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,

"Twelve months have elapsed since bidding adieu to my Western home, I sought beyond the blue waters, the foreign skies of another hemisphere; and again have I returned to the land of my birth and affection. Another year has glided by, and once more do I find myself surrounded by the friends whose good wishes and approbation cheered my wandering course. I thank them—I most sincerely thank them for the more than cordial welcome which has greeted my return to the Empire City. Well may they say that they have made their city the verdant spot in my sandy path, the green and everblooming oasis of repose, where like the wayworn traveller, I forget the fatigue and exposure of the journey, and gather renewed life and energy for its completion.

"Not satisfied, however, with showering innumerable attentions upon me, they, this night cap the climax of their favours by presenting me, in conjunction with a large number of the citizens of New-York, this beautiful piece of workmanship as a superb testimonial of their regard and sympathy. How thankfully received—how dearly prized—mere words cannot portray. I shall proudly take it to my Southern home and preserve it as a precious memento of my friends in New-York.

"I fear, Ladies and Gentlemen, that lengthly comments upon the game of Chess might prove uninteresting to a large portion of the highly intellectual audience before me. Of my European tour, I will only say that it has been pleasant in almost every respect. Of all the adversaries encountered in the peaceful jousts of the checkered field, I retain a lively and agreeable recollection. I found them gallant, chivalrous and gentlemenly, as well as true votaries of the kingly pastime.

"A word now on the game itself. Chess never has been and never can be aught but a recreation. It should not be indulged in to the detriment of other and more serious avocations—should not absorb or engross the thoughts of those who worship at its shrine, but should be kept in the background, and restrained within its proper provinces. As a mere game, a relaxation from the severe pursuits of life, it is deserving of high commendations. It is not only the most delightful and scientific, but the most moral of amusements. Unlike other games in which lucre is the end and aim, of the contestants, It recommends itself to the wise, by the fact that its mimic battles are fought for no prize nor honour. It is eminently and emphatically the philosopher's game. Let the Chess board supersede the card table and a great improvement will be visible in the morals of the community. (Loud applause)

"But, Ladies and Gentlemen, I need not expatiate on the field so ably traversed by the eloquent gentleman who has just addressed you. I thank you from my heart, for the very flattering manner in which you have been pleased to receive his too complimentary remarks, and for the numerous attentions received at your hands. I shall leave New-York with melancholy sorrow for I part from friends than whom none truer can be found. Let them rest assured, that, along with the memory of the Chess board, I possess the memory of the heart. And now, with a renewal of my sincere thanks for the splendid token of your regard with which you have presented me tonight, and the assurance that I shall cherish, in unfading memory the remembrance of my sojourn here, I bid you, Ladies and Gentlemen, a farewell, which I fondly hope will not prove the last." (Loud and continuous applause,).

Then Mr. W. J. A. Fuller in a splendid speech, presented a superb Waltham watch, in the name of the Testimonial Committee, Mr. Fuller said in part:

"You, Sir, have been the first to achieve the honour of an undisputed triumph for American intellect. There is no speculation or hesitation as to where you are placed. In the unparalleled successes

where mind grapples with mind, your triumph has not been partial or in the least degree incomplete. Your name is associated with those who never die.

"Sir, yours is no common lot. There is no parallel to the present proud position occupied by you. Neither in this nor in any preceding age has there lived a man who could truly say, "I am first in my special walk or profession," and have the whole world respond amen. Who could ever say, "I am the greatest poet or author, painter or sculptor, orator or statesman?' Even the transcendent genius of Nature's great dramatist—towering as it does with alpine height above the other heaven—piercing peaks in the world of letters—stands not altogether alone.

"The united voice of the civilised world will echo the sentiments of friendship and fealty which are expressed to you here tonight for the reason that you have adorned your triumps by unusual modesty, and you have succeeded, by your courtesy and your inherent virtues, in making those who were compelled to yield to your superiority, and to sacrifice a world-wide fame, become your most enthusiastic admirers and warmest personal friends.

"I, Sir, as a lover of the royal game, appreciate your triumps; but I see in them something more. I insensibly associate you with the great names to which I have alluded, and properly mingle yours with the fame that has been created by their achievements.

"A person so young, going out before the whole world, to the great capitals of Europe, to the centres of old civilisations, and there throwing down the gauntlet, to meet you in mental conflict, presents a sublime picture of moral and intellectual power that has no parallel in history. But all the testimonials and ovations which you have received and will continue to receive in your triumphal march to your native city, sink into nothingness, when compared with the great moral lesson inculcated by your achievements. In the great conflicts of mind with mind which are to take place in this arena of American civilisation—in all time to come, when the American youth, fired by ambition, while struggling to achieve something great and glorious, shall find it difficult to fashion into shape the half-forged ideas in his brain—in the dark hour of his despondency, he will gather renewed courage for the conflict; he will catch the inspiration of hope and grasp the certainty of success when he ask himself 'Did not Paul Morphy, by the power of his unaided genius, render easy what was considered impossible, and not rest content until he had the world at his feet?' "

Mr. Fuller's words were greeted with loud applause and Paul Morphy in accepting the watch, responded as follows:

"Sir, it has been my good fortune, on a previous visit to your city, to form acquaintances which have ripened into friendships. You are the organ, Sir, of some gentlemen with whom my intercourse

has more particularly assumed the character of intimacy. The presentation of the very elegant watch you have handed me, must necessarily be less formal than that which has just taken place. Words of learned length, or thundering sound, would ill become the nature of the occasion. I will simply say, that I value this testimonial not less highly than the other. It is friendship's gift—the *vade mecum* that must accompany me wherever I go, to remind me, that in whatever section of this broad republic my abode may be planted, there will be in the far north, friends whose anxious gaze will be turned to my home, whose hearts will watch with deep emotion the part I sustain in life's great drama, eager to see me touch the goal of success. Interpreting it in such a manner, as a token of the interest felt in my future career by those you represent, I receive this beautiful piece of workmanship with unaffected pleasure. Long may the hands on its dial mark golden hours for my friends, and may no untoward mate ever arrest their course of success on the great Chess board of the world." (Loud applause.)

The watch which was made to order, is a magnificent specimen of the art. The stem is exquisitely carved so as to represent a King's crown. It is set with diamonds, a large diamond serving as push piece. The Coat of Arms of the United States is carved in relief, and on the other lid are the initials P. M. The hours are represented by the various pieces of Chess in red and black. The cap is engraved as follows:

To Paul Morphy,
From the Testimonial Committee of the
New-York Chess Club
as their tribute to his genius and worth.
New-York, May 1859.

During the course of the evening, a testimony from Professor Samuel F. B. Morse was read as follows:

Poughkeepsie, May 24, 1859.

Sir,

I have this moment received your polite invitation and ticket from the testimonial committee, to witness the "presentation of testimonials" to our distinguished countryman, Paul Morphy, Esq., and assigning me a seat on the platform on the occasion.

While I regret exceedingly that my engagements will prevent my being present, I would yet take this opportunity to offer through you, my humble tribute of admiration, not merely to the man of unequalled skill in the time honoured game of Chess (the most valuable, for certain kinds of mental discipline, of all existing games) but to the man of modesty, who can receive such demonstration of

PAUL MORPHY—IN HIS LATER YEARS.

enthusiasm as have been showered upon him, without any show of vanity or conceited inflation. I was so fortunate as to be present in Paris, at the Café de la Régence, at the marvellous contest of Mr. Morphy with the most skilful European players when he engaged with them in eight different games at the same time, and without seeing their boards, unaided but by his most extraordinary memory and unrivalled skill.

I witnessed not only his marvellous triumph, but his modest and unassuming bearing in the moment of victory. And not the least gratifying part of the scene was the spontaneous outbursts of generous and magnanimous applause from his French antagonists, that filled the air with shouts, as they conducted him in triumph to his carriage.

"It was a beautiful proof to me that the flame of a high souled chivalry still burned in the hearts of Frenchmen.

In asking that my personal congratulations to Mr. Morphy may be allowed to mingle with yours on this occasion, I remain, Sir, with respect,

Your most obedient servant,

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

The band then struck up "Hail Columbia" and Mr. Morphy was at once surrounded by friends and admirers all eager to shake his hand, and he was overwhelmed with congratulations. With great difficulty he managed to extricate himself from his admirers and left the hall accompanied by Mr. Fiske and members of the committee.

Then in the same year, 1859, there being no new players to defeat, Morphy returned to his home in New-Orleans. Very shortly after he made arrangements to open an office in Exchange alley where he intended to practise law. An old card preserved in our family, reads as follows:

PAUL MORPHY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
12, Exchange Place, Up Stairs.
New-Orleans.

His friends, however, did not look upon him seriously as an attorney, but regarded him as the Chess champion of the world. Now whether his chosen profession did not appeal to him, is not known, but after a couple of months, he gave up his office, and announced his intention of taking a long trip, which, however, he postponed and only left New-Orleans in 1862, when he sailed on the *Vasco de Gama* for Havana where he remained a couple of months, then sailed for Cadiz. He then went to Paris where he remained until 1865.

At that time, both his mother and sister Helena were visiting in that city at the home of Mrs. Morphy's other daughter, Mrs. J. D. Sybrandt, who had been residing in Paris several years. Paul Morphy was exceedingly fond of the mode of living in that city. Although his surroundings in New-Orleans were extremely pleasant for no society was ever more exclusively select than that of the *Vieux Carré* of New-Orleans. It was based upon an aristocracy descended from noble families of Spain and France, yet Paul Morphy would often remark, "Oui, Oui, mais ce n'est pas Paris."

The Morphy home at number 89, Royal Street was, at all times, the centre of gayety and pleasure. Almost every week, Mrs. Morphy entertained large house parties, and her weekly "musicales" were highly artistic and enjoyable. Although Paul was not a musician in the true sense of the word, he was noted for his splendid ear for music, and once he heard a tune, he never forgot it, and he thoroughly enjoyed these evenings devoted to classic music and brilliant conversation. On one particular occasion, he was very much amused. His mother not only entertained some of her friends who were like herself, artists of note, but she gathered together a group of musicians whom she paid in order to have them at every musicale, and their trios and quartettes added greatly to the pleasure of these gatherings.

On the evening referred to when her parlours were crowded with the elite of the Creole element, she noticed that one of the musicians was not at his accustomed place. Inquiring of a member of the quartette the reason of his friend's absence. The man replied, "My friend buried his child this morning." Mrs. Morphy at once expressed her sympathy for the bereaved father, and suggested substituting another selection where the services of that particular musician would not be required, when she was startled to hear the man whom she had addressed, remark: "Oh, don't worry, he is late, but he will come, his child was only so big." At the same time indicating how small the child was. At these words Morphy was convulsed with laughter at this man's grief which he measured by inches. And surely enough, the musician came and played as if nothing had happened.

Mrs. Morphy was not only an accomplished pianist and composer, but a harpist of note; she had a mezzo soprano voice of great beauty, and was a fluent conversationalist in four languages.

Paul Morphy was exceedingly fond of grand opera and very seldom missed a performance at the old French Opera House on Bourbon Street, which was unfortunately destroyed by fire in 1920. During intermissions, he would call upon some of his lady friends who occupied boxes and invite them to a promenade in the "foyer" where refreshments were served. He was a great admirer of the fair sex and took pleasure in walking up and down on Canal Street in

the afternoon, always neatly attired, and never without his monocle and his small walking stick. Up to the time of his mental derangement he would simply give feminine charms an admiring glance, but in later years when his wonderful intellect became impaired, he would stop and stare at any pretty face which would strike his fancy. It must be said that he had very good taste, and did not give a second look to the plain and unattractive ones.

One of his favourite promenades was on Sunday, when he would leave his house early in the morning, walk to the corner of St. Louis and Royal where he would buy a morning paper, which he read comfortably seated in the lobby of the old St. Louis Hotel. After having carefully perused all the news of interest, Morphy would then slowly stroll down Royal Street, turn into Chartres to the St. Louis Cathedral where he would hear Mass. But before entering the church he would linger a while in Jackson Square. He often expressed his admiration for the panorama formed by the Cathedral, Pontalba buildings, Jackson Square and the Cabildo, which is, no doubt, the most imposing spot in the *Vieux Carré*.

After having heard Mass and given his contribution to the "Suisse" or sexton attired in a gay military suit of red trimmed with gold braid, two cornered hat, a staff in one hand and silver platter in the other, Morphy would then proceed to the French Market where he would be greeted by Rose *"la gentille petite bouquetière"* as he had named the pretty little flower girl, who would at once pin one of her most fragrant flowers on the lapel of his coat. He greatly enjoyed a stroll in the French Market, where he would stop to look at the old coloured mammies with their "tignons" (bandanas) so bright and clean, selling their cocoanut pralines in pink and white. He would also pause near the Indian Squaws who sold "plantin" (a sweet smelling herb) and whose papooses were tied upon their backs while they waited on customers.

The old mammies after the closing of the market at noon, usually went about the streets of the *Vieux Carré* selling "calas" (delicious rice cakes.) Morphy was particularly fond of these, and would always buy a large bag to bring home, and would often divide his purchase with some of the small boys in the neighbourhood. At that time, the "quarti" was often used by children to make purchases at the corner groceries, and Morphy was often amused at the persistence of some of these youngsters who insisted that the old cala women sell them a "quarti's" worth of calas. (A quarti was good for two and a half cents worth of merchandise, and a dish of red beans and rice could be had for five cents.)

Other well known figures in the French Quarter, who held Morphy in great admiration, were Pierre, a handsome young Gascon and his mother. These two sold *"fromages à la crême,"* fresh eggs and pats of golden butter. Morphy never left the French

Market without enjoying a cup of steaming hot *"café au lait"* which was carefully dripped by Tante Zizine, a neat and respectable old mammy.

Morphy's next stop was at Himbert's "charcuterie shop" where he would buy a bag of delicious little cakes which he carefully handled, these cakes being cooked in butter, and Morphy always wore grey kid gloves in winter. His bag in hand, he would saunter down Royal Street, pass the Haunted House, of which so many tales have been written. Arriving at Esplanade Street, Morphy would walk as far as Rampart Street where resided his only brother, Edward, to whom he was deeply attached. After having carefully deposited his bag of cakes in the hands of his little niece (the writer) he would take possession of a large rocker either in the grape arbour, enjoying the pleasant sunshine and admiring the many beautiful flowers for which Mr. Morphy's immense garden was noted. But if the weather was inclement, the family would enter the music room where his sister-in-law would sing one of his favourite songs or play one of the classics, and Morphy was soon lost in a day dream. However, when the butler announced that dinner was served, Morphy was wide awake and did full justice to the meal. Very often these Sunday dinners included Edgar Hincks, a cousin of the Morphy's, and other close relatives. But if Morphy knew that any strangers had been invited, he would at once excuse himself and quietly return home, for although very courteous and pleasant, he cared very little for new acquaintances, and his friendship was not promiscuously given. The later years of his career were passed in private life, for he had never wanted to make Chess a profession, and cordially disliked being pointed out as "Morphy, the Chess player."

After all his triumphs, all his travels, after having been acclaimed champion of the world, after having upset science, and been classed as phenomenal, that wonderful mind gave away. Why? No one will ever know. Morphy began to have hobbies, and to act in a peculiar manner. One of these hobbies was that his brother-in-law, John D. Sybrandt, and also one of his most intimate friends, Mr. Binder, wanted to destroy all his clothes and wanted to kill him. He made an attempt to assault Mr. Binder in that gentleman's office, using his small walking stick, which Mr. Binder, who was a very powerful man had no trouble in taking away from him. just at that particular time, Edward Morphy was passing, and noticing a crowd in front of Mr. Binder's office, stopped to inquire the reason of so many people looking through the open door, and was more than surprised to see his brother Paul walking quietly away.

Another mania which lasted a while, was walking up and down the long verandah of his home, his hands behind his back and muttering these words in a low voice:

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"Il plantera la bannière de Castille sur les murs de Madrid au cri de Ville gagnée, et le petit Roi s'en ira tout penaud." (He will plant the banner of Castille upon the walls of Madrid to the cry of victorious city, and the little King will go away looking very sheepish). He did not know that he was being overheard, nor was it ever known what he meant by these words.

He was exceedingly fond of tea, and while the cook was preparing lunch, he would walk to the kitchen door several times, and in his well modulated voice would inquire "Is tea ready?" He never ate much lunch but invariably helped himself to two cups of tea and several pieces of buttered toast.

For quite a while he was under the impression that someone was trying to poison him, and in consequence refused to eat anything unless the cooking had previously been supervised by either his mother or his sister. He became so peculiar at times, and fearing that he might do himself bodily harm while in that depressed condition, that an attempt was made to take him to an institution where he would have the best of care, so his brother Edward, his cousin Edgar Hincks, and his life long friend, Chas. de Maurian invited him to take a carriage drive, which he accepted, but on entering the institution, he at once understood where he was, and he asked the Sisters in charge by what right they were trying to detain him against his will, and further told them that he was a lawyer, and that unless they immediately released him, that he would make trouble for them. In fact, he spoke so lucidly, that the Sisters became frightened and called back his brother and positively refused to accept him as a patient, being convinced that he was perfectly sane, which he undoubtedly was at times. At no time did he become violent. On the contrary, he was very gentle, and it was indeed a heartrending sight to see him so depressed and sad.

Morphy's passion was flowers. Every afternoon he would buy a few flowers from the old flower vendor whose stand was at the Corner of Canal and Royal Streets, and who claimed Mr. Morphy as her special customer.

The following letter was written by Mr. de Maurian to Captain George H. Mackinsie of New-York, evidently in answer to a letter from this gentleman inquiring about Morphy's health.

106, Esplanade Street, New-Orleans, Dec. 8, 1875.

My dear Captain,

I am extremely sorry to say that the report that Mr. Morphy's mind has been somewhat deranged of late, is true. The facts, however, have been greatly exaggerated. He believes that he has many enemies who are attempting to drive him from New-Orleans by a system of petty persecutions, etc. This idea has led him to behave on one or two occasions in an extravagant manner, but on all sub-

jects not connected with his particular mania, his mind is apparently as sound as it can be. This leads his family and friends to hope that his case is not so hopeless as the Journals would have us believe. Should you think proper to publish these facts, I desire particularly that my name should not be mentioned in connection therewith, for my relations with the family are intimate, and although my present object is merely to correct these erroneous impressions created by the reports in the public prints, I am apprehensive that my motives will be wrongly interpreted. I assure you that this misfortune of Morphy's is very painful to me.

In another letter, Mr. de Maurian says:

"I think it will appear probable to all those who have followed closely Mr. Morphy's career, that his abilities were never developed to their full extent. The time during which he exercised them, was too short, and the resistance that he met, such as to call forth any latent power that was in him. Who can doubt he would not have been greater in the maturity of his manhood? Or, who can say that he could not have risen higher if the occasion had demanded it?"

C. A. Buck says in "Morphy's Later Life":

"Paul Morphy's experience in European Chess circles was a revelation to him. It should be remembered that he was a boy inspired by the ardour, enthusiasm and high ideals of youth, and loving Chess as he did, he was shocked and disgusted at the sordid conventionalities of Chess practice that were in vogue. The taint of professionalism was repellent to him, and when he saw how the game was made a business of, his disgust led him to forsake the haunts of Chess. It was not Chess that he grew to dislike, but the practice of it by those who would make a living by it."

Paul Morphy was exceedingly charitable, and old age and childhood strongly appealed to him. He was never known to refuse alms to worthy mendicants.

On July 10, 1884, on an unusually hot and oppressive day, after his return from his daily promenade on Canal street, without waiting to cool off from the effort of exercise, he immediately indulged in a cold bath. One hour later, his aged mother becoming alarmed at his long stay in the bathroom, called to him several times, but receiving no response and the door being locked on the inside, she appealed to a neighbour, Monsieur Mollo, who forced the door open, and found Paul Morphy dead in the bath tub. Physicians hastily called, pronounced his death due to congestion of the brain or apoplexy, which was evidently brought on by the effects of the cold water on his overheated body.

Numberless telegrams and letters of sympathy were received from his friends and admirers all over the world. His funeral took place on July the 11th. The pall bearers were his brother, Edward, his cousins, Edgar Hincks, E. A. Morphy, Leonce J. Percy, Henry

F. Percy and his lifelong friend, Charles A. de Maurian. He was buried in the Morphy tomb in the St. Louis cemetery, corner St. Louis and Basin Streets.

Shortly after his death, the Manhattan Chess Club of New-York, at a special meeting held in August, 1884, passed resolutions which were sent to his mother. These resolutions were in the shape of an elegant Album of black leather, lined in purple satin, and on the cover in large gold letters simply PAUL MORPHY.

"At a special meeting of the Manhattan Chess Club held at their rooms, 104, East 14th Street, July 15, 1884, city of New-York, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"WHEREAS, the Manhattan Chess Club have learned with deepest regret of the death of Paul Morphy, and desire to express their sorrow at the loss of one who by his matchless skill in their noble game, earned for himself the FIRST PLACE in the roll of CHESS MASTERS, and by his true modesty and worth gained the esteem and respect of all who knew him,

"RESOLVED, that the portrait of PAUL MORPHY in the rooms of the club, be draped in mourning for a period of three months, and further,

"RESOLVED, that a full record of the proceedings be entered upon the minutes of this club, and that an engrossed copy thereof attested by the officers of the club, be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

"OFFICERS:

"F. M. Todd, Treasurer. George Green, President.

"Gustave Simonson, Rec. Secretary.

"W. M. de Visser, Cor. Secretary. Jas. S. Curry, Vice- Pres."

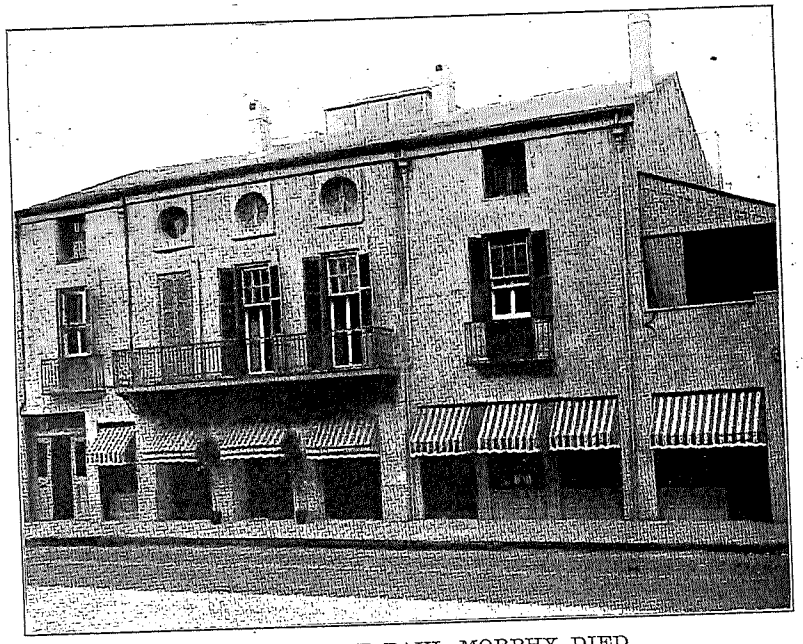
The following letter accompanied the album:

Manhattan Chess Club.

104, East 14th Street, New-York, Aug. 13, 1884.

Mrs. T. Morphy,
89, Royal Street, New-Orleans.
Dear Madam,

I have the honour of transmitting you herewith a copy of the resolutions passed by the Manhattan Chess Club at a special meeting held July 15th, on receiving the sad intelligence of the sudden death of your son, and which we beg, you will accept as a slight token of the esteem in which Paul Morphy was held by the members of our club.



HOUSE WHERE PAUL MORPHY DIED
89 (New No. 417), ROYAL STREET.

Trusting that the knowledge of the high place he occupied in the hearts of all whose good fortune it was to know him personally, and the respect and admiration he gained of those who knew him through his achievements in the game of Chess alone, may serve, in a small measure to lessen the grief which we know you to feel in your bereavement.

I remain, dear Madam,
Yours very respectfully,
W. M. De Visser,
Corresponding Secretary, Manhattan Chess Club.

Mrs. Morphy replied as follows:

89, Royal Street, New-Orleans.

Gentlemen,

The homage which you have rendered to my dear son, and your just appreciation of his talent and of his qualities, have, for an instant, softened my grief. I am deeply grateful in thinking that there are superior minds who have not forgotten him, in this world where every thing disappears so rapidly.

I beg of you to accept my cordial thanks, you who have given a thought to that which was the glory of the son and the everlasting grief of the mother.

Receive Gentlemen, the expression of my respect,
Telcide Morphy.

It is not necessary to add how highly prized were this album and letter, which Mrs. Morphy kept among her most cherished possessions. The death of her son of whom she was so justly proud, was a terrible blow, and she could not be consoled. The shock was too severe for her frail hold on life, and she followed him to the grave a few months later. Her daughter Helena died in 1886.

TO THE MEMORY OF MORPHY'S MOTHER.

(*Hartford Times*).

Mother of Morphy! What a fate was thine.
So loving living only for thy son!
Granted brief lip-touch of his triumphs won
"He dashed with wormwood all life's sparkling wine!"
"The mind that such transcendent marvels wrought"
"Like blooming roses, the cherished garden gem"
"Heart but hangs listless on the blackened stem"
"Sinks, walled in dim, damp cell of lonely thought"
"Earth's greatest, wisest, brightest, best of men"
"Owe more to mothers; nor is genius loth"

"To own the debt, your Morphy's mother, then"
"Who warmed and watered all that beautiful growth"
"Fading, still watched-shall keep true union when"
"Chess lays her deathless chaplet on the grave of both."

(Signed) L. O. Howard Taylor.

Thorpe, Norwich, England.

After these three deaths, there remained of the Morphy family but Edward and Malvina (Mrs. J. D. Sybrandt). The latter having lately returned from England with her daughter Marie, Mr. Sybrandt and their two sons, Alonzo and John, having preceded Mrs. Sybrandt a couple of years before. The family occupied the old house for a while, but finding same too large, removed to the upper section of the city, and for the first time in forty-five years, the house was occupied by strangers.

Then came a settlement of the three successions and in which, unfortunately, Paul Morphy's trophies had to be included in the sale. The magnificent set of gold and silver chessmen was bid in by Mr. Walter D. Denegre of New-Orleans, it was said for a client in New-York. This set brought in at auction $1,500. Mr. J. Samory, also of New-Orleans who had known Paul Morphy intimately, bid in the silver wreath and also the silver trophy won by Morphy at the American Chess Congress. The wreath was sold for $250, and the tray and goblets for $400. At Mr. Samory's death, he willed the above to a mutual friend of his and Morphy's, Judge Edward Bermudez. Soon after the historical old home was sold at public auction to J. B. Esnard, Esq., at the ridiculously low figure of $6000, after having been for forty-five years the home of the Morphy family, and for which Judge Morphy had paid $90,000. The new owner rented the house to various people. Among these, Mrs. L. Conant and her daughter. These ladies were, at that time, connected with the Christian Women's Exchange, whose headquarters were then on Bourbon Street. After Mrs. Conant's removal, the house was occupied by different people as a sort of rooming house, and the room in which Judge Morphy used to sip his early morning coffee, was occupied by an Italian cobbler and his family, and from early morning till dark, he worked at his last, scattering leather all over the place. A few years ago, Mr. W. R. Irby, capitalist and philanthropist of New-Orleans, purchased the old house in order to preserve it as one of the landmarks of the *Vieux Carré* of New-Orleans.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MORPHY HOUSE.

Old number 89, new number 417, Royal Street, between St. Louis and Conti Streets, is one of the oldest buildings in New-Orleans. Who the original owner was, and in exactly what year the house was built, has never been known. However, it is a well known fact that in 1803 the building was then considered one of the oldest in New-Orleans. The ground floor was occupied by the "Banque de la Louisiane". After the war, Martin Gordon, Sr., of Manchester, Va., bought the house and resided in it until 1840, when it was purchased by Justice Morphy. The architecture is peculiar. The front measures almost seventy-five feet. The entrance, an immense *porte-cochère,* opens on a wide paved alley which leads to a beautiful courtyard. A flight of very wide steps lead to a latticed door, beyond which the stairs narrower than before bring you to the centre of an odd vestibule or glass covered rotunda, the domeshape furnishing an abundance of sunshine and light to the several rooms built around this vestibule. Facing Royal Street, was the immense parlour which was fitted in elegant style. The floor was of inlaid wood in quaint designs. A door from this parlour opened on a small but delightfully cosy room in which Morphy very often worked out his Chess problems. His other favourite spot, was a comfortable chair in a corner of the verandah or terrace, pleasant and cool retreat in the hot summer months, and an ideal place in which to work, play Chess or indulge in a day dream. Many a Chess problem was silently solved by not only Morphy, but by his father, Uncle Ernest, and by his grandfather, Monsieur Le Carpentier, and their friends who happened to drop in informally for a quiet game of Chess or conversation. Cool beverages were served, and with the help of good Havana cigars, many an agreeable afternoon or evening was spent. Mrs. Morphy very often contributed to the enjoyment of these gatherings by her talent, possessing a magnificient voice. She was noted as a composer, having composed many delightful trios for piano, violin and 'cello. She also composed the music for a five act opera entitled "Louise de Lorraine," the words of which were written by L. Placide Canonge, one of the most brilliant men of New-Orleans, a journalist of talent, editor of *L'Abeille de la Nouvelle-Orléans,* and also at one time Impressario of the Théâtre de l'Opéra. Mrs. Morphy, although enamoured of her art, after her son's misfortune, the clouding of such a wonderful mind, were too severe a blow for her motherly love, and she was actually crushed by sorrow, and her opera was never completed.

On the left hand side of the house still facing Royal street, was Mrs. Morphy's bed room, which since her husband's death, she shared with her daughter, Helena. This room opened on a very small balcony from which the writer (then a small child) remembers

viewing the passing of the carnival parades, for at that time, the pageants traversed the principal streets of the *Vieux Carré*. All the balls took place at the French Opera House. Next to Mrs. Morphy's room was the terrace, or to be more explicit, a long latticed verandah with cement flooring, and containing large and comfortable rockers, arm chairs, tables and flower pots. Now we come to the room which Paul Morphy occupied, and which was separated from his mother's by a narrow hall. Morphy's room was always kept in perfect order, for he was very particular and neat, yet this room had a peculiar aspect and at once struck the visitor as such, for Morphy had a dozen or more pairs of shoes of all kinds which he insisted in keeping arranged in a semi-circle in the middle of the room, explaining with his sarcastic smile that in this way, he could at once lay his hands on the particular pair he desired to wear. In a huge *porte-manteau* he kept all his clothes which were at all times neatly pressed and creased.

The large room to the left, facing the yard, was used as the dining room where so many distinguished guests were entertained. In later years Mrs. Morphy used this as her music room. She owned a musical library of no small value. Part of this is now in the Newberry Library of Chicago. Besides all the above mentioned rooms, the large house contained many more which were never, or very seldom used.

The most interesting part of this old home, is the picturesque court yard paved in large square blocks, surrounded on three sides by immense walls. Like many of the old Creole houses situated in the business district, only the upper floors were occupied as residences. During the occupancy of the Morphy family, the lower floor was divided into four stores which were occupied by various merchants; one of these, a young and well educated Chinese who sold wares from his country and who was devoted to the family. When Mrs. Morphy died, he begged permission to be allowed to go upstairs to take a last look at the dead, which permission was given him, and he not only offered prayers for the soul of the departed, but performed some sort of ceremony of Chinese rites.

It was in this part of the building, that is, just where the Chinaman had his store, that a few years ago when workmen were tearing down plaster and bricks, they came across a secret passage way, the opening of a tunnel the height of a medium-sized man. When this tunnel was built and by whom and why, will perhaps never be known. It was no doubt built long before the Morphy family took possession of the house.

In the yard, immense magnolia trees furnished shelter and shade to the wide gallery where Paul Morphy might often be seen walking up and down, his hands behind his back, thinking, thinking, always thinking, and paying but little attention to his surroundings; but

whenever the many little birds who frequented the trees, began to chirp, Morphy would immediately enter the dining room in search of crumbs for these little friends who knew and sang for him.

How well the writer remembers many pleasant incidents connected with that old courtyard! On August 25th of every year, she never failed to visit her grandmother whose *fête* it was, and who was always well supplied with cakes and bonbons awaiting the visit of the members of the family who called to extend their good wishes. The writer, like all children, did not like to remain very long indoors, so her refreshments were served in the yard among the flowers and the chirping of the birds who had elected domicile in the tall magnolia trees. Very often her uncle Paul would join her in the yard, and it was his pleasure to have her recite the fables of "La-Fontaine" which she was being taught at school, and if she made no mistake, he would reward her with a bag of delicious chocolate bars, of which he kept a supply, as he never failed to visit Gisclon's Chocolate Store a block or two from his home.

On one occasion, when Mrs. Morphy had invited several of the writers little friends to spend an afternoon with her, and luncheon was served in the old courtyard, Morphy stood on the back gallery overlooking the yard and seemed greatly amused and interested in the various games in which the children indulged.

Opposite the Morphy house were a number of stores and a high brick building, which was, at one time, the office of the French Consulate. We now have on that same site, our beautiful new court house, in which may be seen a large painting of Judge Morphy. This painting was donated by the writer to the courthouse, through Governor Nicholls, and occupies a place in the gallery of portraits of distinguished jurists, opposite the old home which Judge Morphy so dearly loved.

Supreme Court of the State of Louisiana.

New-Orleans, Jan. 28, 1897.

Miss Regina Morphy,
New-Orleans.
Dear Miss Morphy,

If not inconvenient, will you kindly deliver the portrait of the late Mr. Justice Morphy, which you so kindly contributed to the gallery of portraits of this court, to Toby Adams, janitor of the court? Toby has been instructed to take particular care of it, and he appreciates his responsibility.

Thanking you in advance for your kind attention, I remain, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
(Signed) T. McHyman.

Members of the Morphy family now living are: Alonzo Sybrandt, nephew of Paul Morphy, residing at Savannah, Ga. One niece, the writer. Also two grand nieces, Misses Juanita and Elmina Morphy, who reside in New-Orleans with their mother, Mrs. Edward Morphy. Two grand nephews, Paul Morphy, named after his famous uncle, residing in Milan, Italy, and George G. Voitier of New Orleans. There are also several cousins, the grandchildren of Diego E. Morphy and children of General A. E. Morphy, who died in New-Orleans in January, 1917, and who was up to the time of his death, a prominent figure in the business and social world of New-Orleans. Other near relatives reside in Evanston, Ill.

The old Morphy house has been thoroughly renovated and embellished, and is now occupied by several commercial enterprises. The *Vieux Carré* of New-Orleans has once more resumed its wide awake appearance as in the old days when Royal Street was the retail business centre. A large number of the very old houses have been put in first class condition, some of these modernised to a great extent, and are now occupied by a coterie of well-known artists and others who love the "atmosphere" of the old French Quarter, which is, undoubtedly, the most interesting section of New Orleans. The houses are distinctly French and Spanish in appearance; their beautiful courtyards and their ironwork balconies are not to be found in the upper section of the city or elsewhere in such large numbers in the United States. There are a great many places of interest in the French Quarter. All these have added a new charm to that already interesting and historical neighbourhood.

REGINA MORPHY-VOITIER.

New-Orleans, 1926.